In Recital
MASTERS PROGRAM

Nansee Hughes, soprano
Magdalena Adamek, Piano

Sunday, June 26, 2010 at 2:00 p.m.
University of Alberta - Convocation Hall

Nansee Hughes
Soprano

PROGRAM

1. Ellen's Erster Gesang Op. 52, No. 1 — F. Schubert (1797-1828)
2. Ellen's Dritter Gesang Op. 52, No. 2

1. Sehnsucht D. 481 (1816)
2. Heiss mich nicht reden D. 726 (1821)
3. So lasst mich scheinen D. 727 (1821)

Mia speranza adorata....Ah! non sai qual pena K. 416 (1783) — W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

INTERMISSION

Quatre Chanson de jeunesse — C. Debussy (1862-1918)
1. Pantomime (1882)
2. Clair de Lune (1882)
3. Pierrot (1881)
4.Apparition (1884)

1. La Belle Dame sans merci (2006) — M. Forsyth (1936-)
2. Lines to Fanny Brawne (1991)

Ms. Hughes is a recipient of the 2009/2010 Beryl Barns Memorial Graduate Awards in Music.

Raste Krieger – Rest, Warrior
Op. 52, No. 1
Soldier Rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or war-steed champing.

Ruder sounds shall none be near
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steeds neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Jäger Ruhe – Huntsman, rest!
Op. 52, No. 2
"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
while our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé".

Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Sehnsucht
D. 481 (1816)
Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all joy,
I look into the firmament
In that direction.

Ach! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
I am reeling,
My entrails are burning.
Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!

Heiss mich nicht reden
D. 7226 (1821)
Don't ask me to speak - ask me to be silent,
for my secret is a [solemn] duty to me.
I wish I could bare my soul to you,
but Fate does not will it.

At the right time, the sun's course will dispell
the dark night, and it must be illuminated.
The hard rock will open its bosom; and
ungrudgingly, the earth will release deep
hidden springs.

Others may seek calm in the arms of a friend;
there one can pour out one's heart in lament.
But for me alone, a vow locks my lips,
And only a god has the power to open them.

So last mich scheinen D. 727 (1821)
So let me seem, until I become so;
don't take the white dress away from me!
From the beautiful earth I hasten
down into that solid house.

There I will repose a moment in peace,
until I open my eyes afresh;
then I will leave behind the spotless garment,
the girdle and the wreath.

And those spirits of heaven
do not ask whether one is `man' or `woman',
and no clothes, no robes
will cover my transfigured body.

Although I have lived without trouble and toil,
I have still felt deep pain.
Through sorrow I have aged too soon;
Make me forever young again!

Mia speranza adorata...Ah! non sai qual pena K. 416 (1783)
My beloved hope!
Ah, the wrath of heaven is too calamitous for us;
the last time is this, that I clasp you to my breast.
My soul, I will see you no more;
ah, you assist and console her for me.
Good-bye, Zemira, remember me!
Listen.....what do I see? You weep, o my treasure,
oh how much that weeping increases my suffering.
Who can experience a condition worse than mine?
Good-bye forever, beloved spouse, good-bye!

Oh, God, you do not know the pain of having to leave you,
But that weeping, my soul, makes my suffering more grave,
Ah, leave me, O fierce moment! Dear wife,
ah, how I feel as if anguish will make my heart fail!
To what savage vicissitudes you kept, adverse gods,
Tell me if my situation is not worthy of pity.

Pantomime (1882)
Pierrot, who is nothing like Clitandre,
empties a bottle without ado,
and, ever practical, cuts into a pâté.

Cassandre, at the end of the avenue,
sheds an concealed tear
for his disinherited nephew.

That impertinent Harlequin schemes
the adbuction of Columbine
and whirls around four times.

Columbine dreams, surprised
at feeling a heart in the breeze
and at hearing voices in her heart.

Clair de Lune (1882)
Your soul is a chosen landscape
charmed by masquers and revellers
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,
of victorious love and fortunate living
they do not seem to believe in their happiness,
and their song mingles with the moonlight,

the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,
and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
the tall slender fountains among the marble
statues!

Pierrot (1881)
Good old Pierrot, at whom the crowd gapes,
having concluded Harlequin's wedding,
walks along the Boulevard du Temple, lost in
thought.
A girl in a supple garment
vainly teases him with a mischievous look;

And meanwhile, mysterious and smooth,
taking her sweetest delight in him,
the white moon, bull-horned,
throws a furtive glance
at her friend Jean Gaspard Deburau.

Apparition (1884)

The moon was saddened. Seraphims in tears
dreaming, bows at their fingers, in the calm of filmy flowers
Threw dying violas of white sobs
sliding over the blue of corollas.
It was the blessed day of your first kiss;
My reverie, loving to torture me,
wisely imbibed its perfume of sadness
That even without regret and without setback
leaves the gathering of a dream within the heart that gathered it.
I wandered then, my eye riveted on the aged cobblestones.
When, with light in your hair, in the street
and in the evening, you appeared to me smiling
and I thought I had seen the fairy with a hat of light
who passed in my sweet dreams as a spoiled child,
always dropping from her carelessly closed hand
a snow of white bouquets of perfumed stars.

La Belle Dame sans Merci (2006)
Ah! What can ail thee wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering;
The sedge is withered from the lake
And no birds sing
I met a lady in the meads full beautiful, a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light and her eyes were wild.
I set her on my pacing steed and nothing else saw all day long;
Far sideways would she lean, and sing a faery's song.
I made a garland for her head, and bracelets too.
And fragrant zone; She looked at me as she did love
And made sweet moan – Oh.
She took me to her elfin grot and there gazed and sighed deep,
And there I shut her wild, sad eyes
So kissed to sleep.
And there we slumbered on the moss, and there I dreamed,
ah, woe-betide, the latest dream I ever dreamed on the cold hillside.
I saw pale kings and princes too; pale warriors, deathpale were they all;
Who cried "La Belle Dame sans Merci hath thee in thrall!"
And this is why I sojourn here alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake and no birds sing.

Lines to Fanny Brawne (1991)
This living hand now warm and capable of earnest grasping
Would if it were cold And in the icy silence of the tomb
So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights
That thou wouldst wish thine own heart dry of blood
So in my veins, red life might stream again
And be conscience calmed
See here it is, here it is – I hold it before you.

Please join Nansee after the recital in the Lounge
for refreshments!

A WORD OF THANKS . . .

First, I would like to thank Magdalena Adamek for agreeing to accompany me in my recital, pretty much last minute, as well as playing the repertoire in class and meeting with me after repertoire classes to help with rhythms. You are a truly wonderful and inspirational musician. I am honoured to have the opportunity to work with you.

I would like to thank my wonderful and supportive voice teacher, Harold Wiens, for helping me get "vocally ready" for this opportunity. Without his constant worry about my interpretations, how many calories I would intake daily, how much I exercised and how high my high heels were, I don't think I could sing this recital for you. I appreciate the last three years with you to no end and will always reserve a special place for you in my heart.

I would like to thank Brian McIntosh and Beth Turnbull for your constant attention to my (sometimes horrible) diction and making it sound...almost like I'm a native speaker. I hope to be as well rounded a performer as the two of you so obviously are!

Thank you to Janet Scott-Hoyt for making me understand that art song/Lieder/melodie is not just pretty notes and phrases, but meaningful art that needs to be interpreted and studied just as hard as any opera role. You inspire me to be a better performer!

Thank you to my wonderful and supportive husband, Brodie, and my Hughes family. I don't know how you have been so patient with my passion to sing, but I love you for it. Thank you to my own family. Without the support of my sisters and brother, the niblings and my parents, I probably would have quit this dream a long time ago. You are the best support group any singer could ever have! I love you all!

I also would like to send a special thanks out to Amanda and Greg for always being supportive and telling me the truth. Thank you, Greg for always offering to play my sometimes difficult music. Thank you, Amanda for always sharing your vast knowledge of pedagogy!

I want to thank Jill Sherring, who I have known since we were in Grade Six, for the BEAUTIFUL posters and stunning programs. Thank you for having such a talent for art! You are very special to me, Beans!

Thank you to Russ Baker for being here to record my recital! I don't think you know just how much all of the performers at this institute appreciate you and your hard work! Thank you again!

And finally, thank YOU all for coming out to celebrate my thesis recital with me! I don't think I could fathom a better way to spend my afternoon than with all of you and entertaining you with what I love to do with all my heart!

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